

As Expounded in Springfield's Union Station.

To the Editor of *The Republican*: -

Breakfast is always a delight with me because it is a simple meal and I find no day well started without a fresh boiled egg, or a boiled fresh egg, as you prefer, buttered toast and coffee, the last. I am proud to assert, best when brewed by my own dear wife. Not an extravagant meal requiring only moderate human intelligence.

I was coming from the west on an early morning train, and in those delightful hours as we sped along the New York Central through the beautiful scenery of the Berkshire hills I was enjoying the exhilaration of the sparkling morning air and building castles of business successes for the week. As we drew into the station at Springfield I heard that welcome call, "This train stops 20 minutes for breakfast." We all alighted at the right of the train and hurried to the breakfast room. Trains drawn up at the tracks compelled us to go but in one direction, and the place was easily found, and as we entered all was activity, extending that welcome one appreciates when anticipating a pleasant meal.

I took a seat on a high stool and, beginning an examination of the menu, which I found was labeled "luncheon," I raised my eyes and saw a small-sized, attractive, nut-colored blond with turban and hair in keeping with an early toilet and the restaurant. I said to her very pleasantly, "Have you nice fresh eggs?" Her answer was scarcely audible, but I gathered this much—"fresh eggs on the north side." My question was addressed to the quality rather than the direction, and I was confused and when I am confused I smile. I kept smiling and thinking of some way out of my dilemma when I aroused myself with an effort, restrained my smile and attracting the attention of my blond friend made known my desire for a further conference. To be sure she would hear me, I leaned way forward and almost rested the side of my head on the counter. She did the same. My fellow-travelers thought I was going to "seal the bargain with a kiss," and as I looked at her, and she certainly looked cute, I said softly, "Will you say that about the eggs again?" She said, "We don't have hot things here, you get them on the north side, we only have hard-boiled eggs here." I unconsciously said, "Gee! Hard-boiled eggs for breakfast, and at this hour."

I asked for a ham sandwich and coffee. The sandwich passed muster, but the coffee was that specimen of railroad brew you cannot sweeten if you put in a pound of sugar. I called for another sandwich, got it, but it was old and stale, and I inquired of a friend if there was another restaurant, when I suddenly saw a large sign under the clock and I regretted my discussion of eggs and my final selection of the elderly sandwich. The sign read, "Steaks and chops cooked to order." I had won. I could see that juicy steak coming, but in my excitement I had missed the important words, for right under "Steaks and chops cooked to order" were four insignificant little words, "On the north side."

I was on the side of the South, when from family ties and associations I should have been on the side of the North. Was it possible that in Springfield they still kept faith with that long-forgotten distinction, the North and the South? I was disappointed, still hungry, and still smiling. I was in the only place I could possibly get into, but from experience I found it to be only a decoy where they get your money.

I don't know what they would do to you on the north side, but my advice is, if you are hungry, enter Springfield from the east, and if you take a chance with a railroad meal, your hope of winning is better on the north side.

DAVID J. MALONEY.

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